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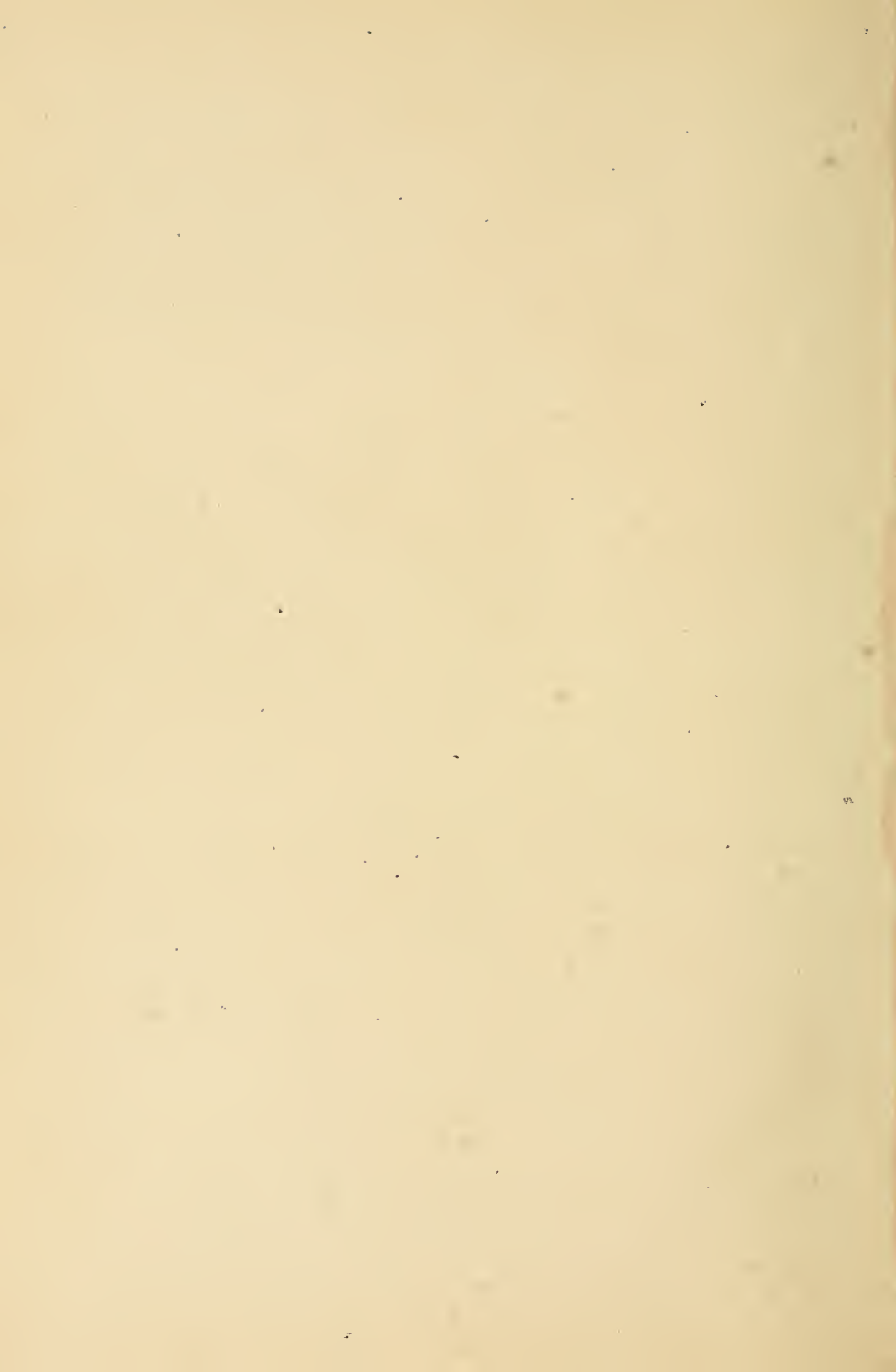
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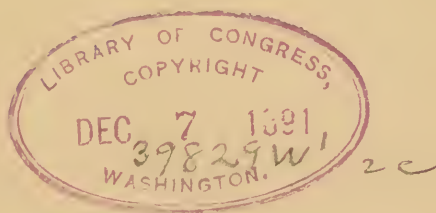


A BEAUTY OF THEBES

And Other Verses

BY

✓
JOHN GOADBY GREGORY



MILWAUKEE

1892

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

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BY

JOHN G. GREGORY.

Press of
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TO HER DEAR MEMORY MY LIFE WHO BLESSED,
MAKING THIS HEAVY WORLD A PARADISE,
'TILL SUMMONED HENCE TO HER ETERNAL REST,—
MY DARLING WIFE, WHOSE FOND, INDULGENT EYES
WOULD BRIGHT HAVE SPARKLED AT THESE PAGES'
SIGHT,—

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK OF FANTASIES
WHICH HER APPRECIATION HELPED ME WRITE.

GENTLE READER :

WITH few exceptions, contributions to versified literature in this age are like

“the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.”

He who is responsible for the present volume has made it brief. He feels reasonably confident that, despite its imperfections, it will escape the reprobation of the judicious; and, having made it brief, he hopes that it will not tire.

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THE IRON EARL.

Place, England ; time, reign of Edward III.

ENVY is rife in Edward's court, and Malice whispering.

The Iron Earl from Alsatia stands in favor with the King.

No other in the glitt'ring throng so much beloved as he—

This stranger from the distant Rhine. It must no longer be.

So courtiers, else at variance, on this are in accord :
To pull the proud intruder from the graces of their lord.

One day, when Edward is abroad, they labor with the Queen.

“What says your highness to a prank to drive away the spleen?

Loose we a lion in the court, to front the Iron Earl
When down he comes to-morrow morn. An he be not a churl,

No savage beast can do him harm. But 'twill be matchless sport

To note his wonder when he sees the lion in the court.”

It was a saying, and the Queen esteemed the
saying true,
That unto none of noble blood a lion hurt would do.
All unsuspecting of a plot conceived with foul intent,
When the rude pleasaunce was proposed, she gave
her free consent.

No sluggard is the Iron Earl. He greets the
rising sun,
And first of all the household ever is his day begun.
His nightcap on, no sword at hip, his manly bosom
bare,
He strides into the lower court, to seek the fountain
there.
With bristling mane, and savage growl, and horrid
teeth displayed,
Crouching to spring, the lion waits. Who would
not be dismayed?
E'en those who, eager to observe, in upper windows
lurk,
Who planned the craven treachery, repent them of
their work.

How fares it with the Iron Earl? His stout heart
does not fail.
Lion advances.

“Stand, you dog!”

Lion's the one to quail.

No beast could brave that dauntless mien, that clear
and steadfast eye.

The Earl compels him to his cage, which open
stands, hard by.

His nightcap on the lion he sets, before the door he
locks.

Then, looking upward to the court, the gaping crowd
he mocks :

“Now let the one among you all that on his pedigree
Stands most—let him my nightcap get, and bring it
back to me!”





THE CLAY GOD.

A HEATHEN had a god
of clay,
To whom he daily used to
pray.

“Oh, make me rich!” his
constant cry.

The god vouchsafed him no
reply.

At length the heathen's anger rose.
He seized a club; he dealt stout blows.
The god fell broken to the ground,
While golden pieces rained around.
You think this ancient story odd?
The world is like the heathen's god.
Petition it in hum-
ble strain,
And you may sup-
plicate in vain.
But raise a strong
right arm and
strike,
And you can have
whate'er you like.



RESURGAM.

LONE mid leagues of shifting sand,
In a mystic Eastern land,
Grim a tomb its front uprears,
Closed for thrice a thousand years,
Guarding in its secret heart,
Dead, a monarch's mortal part—
Dead, embalmed with spice and myrrh,
Frankincense and oil of fir.

Cometh one who finds the door,
Locked and hidden heretofore;
Opens, enters, pushes on,
Far from cheerful light of sun,
To the chamber, dark and dread,
Where the king lies buried;
Takes a lily-root away,
In the withered hand that lay.

Planted in a garden-close,
Lo! the lily sprouts and blows;
Which a wise man seeing, says:
“Great is God! His goodness praise,
That recalls to life and bloom
What lay shriveled in the tomb!
*In this restoration, see
What awaits for you and me!”*

A ROCK-A-BYE SONG.

BABY, baby, let us play,
While we rock-a-bye away!
Let us play we are afloat,
And our rocking chair's a boat;
Tossing, tossing to and fro,
As the wavelets ebb and flow.
'Tis much safer here than there—
Boating in our rocking-chair!

Let us play our chair's a swing,
In the woods, where birdies sing;
Verdant branches broadly spread,
And the blue sky overhead;
Scented breezes round us blown,
Redolent of hay new-mown.
Swinging in the summer air—
Swinging in our rocking chair!

Let us play our chair's a horse,
Cantering around a course,
While the sky with shouts is rent,
At an old-time tournament;
You have won the knightly game,
And the herald sounds your name.
Cheers arise and bugles bray,
As we rock-a-bye away!

Waves and woods and tournament
All are now together blent
In the scenes that entertain
Drowsy baby's dreamy brain.
Closes now each tired eye,
Little limbs all limply lie.
In your cradle now you sway,
As we rock-a-bye away!



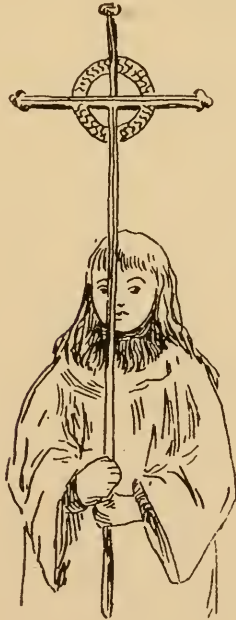
THE BOY CHOIR.

THROUGH the closed vestry door,
Sweet music, stealing
Into the church, doth pour
Over the kneeling.
Now in a burst of sound
Hear it aspire!
Making the roof resound
Enters the choir.

Loud peals the organ grand,
In emulation;
Loud sing the youthful band
God's adoration.
Troubles forsake my soul,
And it rejoices,
As o'er its sorrows roll
Those joyous voices.

Not always rede and text
Pierce my conviction;
But, to my mind perplexed,
A benediction,

Laying sad doubts like dust,
And rapture bringing,
Filling my heart with trust,
Cometh that singing.
Boys, with your earnest eyes
And open faces,
As you processionize
Slow to your places,
White-robed, an angel throng,
Free from earth's leaven,
You and your sacred song
Lift me to Heaven!



MARRIED.

GOD bless them both—the beautiful and bright
Type of ripe girlhood, and her faithful knight!
May theirs be health, and wealth, and length of years,
And every happy happ'ning that endears
The fleeting world in which they plight their troth!
God bless them both!

The fleeting world! And yet, how long seems life
When lonely we must face its constant strife!
A dear companion gives the heart support
And loving converse makes the way seem short.
These two, united by the marriage oath,
God's blessed them both!

OCTOBER 7, 1891.

SONG OF THE SEVEN-YEARS-WED.

DARLING, seven years have sped
 Since the day when we were wed.
Seven years, the doctors say,
Change our "tenements of clay."
 All the atoms that compose
 My physique, if this be true,
Now are different from those
 That were duly pledged to you
 Seven years ago to-day.

These are not the lips, you see,
That vowed love and constancy.
This is not the beating heart
That from yours was ne'er to part.
 Vanished, like the wind that blew,
 Vanished, like the ocean spray,
Is the hand I gave to you,
 Darling, on our wedding day,
 Seven years ago to-day.

But these are material;
Love's a thing ethereal.
Love that's genuine controls
Bodies, not alone, but souls.
Darling, listen to my vow:
Changes come as changes may,
I will love you e'er as now—
E'er as on our wedding day,
Seven years ago to-day.

JUNE 2, 1890.

A GRAVE IN THE SUNLIGHT.

NOT where the mosses creep
Over the stones,
Not in the shadows deep,
Bury my bones;

But where the sunlight falls,
Warming the sod,
And where the robin calls
Gladly to God.

God is a God of love;
Death means not doom.
Gate to a life above,
Shade not my tomb.

AFTER AN EVENING WALK.

HOW lovely is a moonless sky, when, seen
through cloudless air,
The stars that stud blue Heaven's vault their richest
luster wear!
When Dian shines, her silver beams so prodigally
bless
The subject earth, that it takes on part of her love-
liness,
And, like a shameless beggar-girl, it uses alms to
wean,
By decking forth its own mean frame, attention
from its queen.
But stars upon a moonless night small largess here
bestow,
And, but for ladies' eyes, no pow'rful rivals have
below;
And ladies' eyes, indeed, themselves, oft generously
turn
And pay the tribute of a glance tow'rd where the
bright stars burn.

What wonder, then, that when we two together
chanced to walk,
"Last night of all," the stars became the subject
of our talk? —

For never seemed an August sky to me so rich
 bedight,
Believe me, Elspeth, as the one 'neath which we
 trod last night—
"Twere wrong to term the meanest orb that shone
 a Kohinoor,
For likened with its ray serene the diamond's blaze
 were poor.
We talked of stars, and thus our conversation took
 its way
To that bright constellated belt which o'er the year
 holds sway;
And long it dwelt upon the Signs that on "the line"
 appear,
And dominate, in order due, the twelve months of
 the year.

Not seldom, what we talk upon intently, gifted
 seems
To hold our thoughts when we have passed into the
 Land of Dreams—
That country, peopled by the shapes of freakish
 Fancy bred,
Where, through a maze of travesty, the wond'ring
 sleeper's led.
I dreamed last night that partial Fate, by a decree
 benign,
Sent to me, as a visitor, a bright Celestial Sign,
That I might mark with mortal eyes, and tell to
 mortal ears,



The beauty of the
deathless ones in-
habiting the spheres.
Fairest of all the radiant throng,
Virgo her presence lent,
To tincture e'en the ambient
air with lofty sentiment,
And fill and thrill me with the
glow which mortals ever feel
When to consummate loveliness
and purity they kneel.

Methought such beauty ne'er be-
fore did favored eyes illumine
As shone for that brief instant in
the precincts of my room.
"Being," I cried, "can earthly
lips to earthly ears convey
A knowledge of perfection such as ne'er was
clothed in clay?"
Forgive me, Elspeth; when I woke, my mem'ry told
me true
That my celestial visitant was modeled after you.

AUGUST 22, 1881.

BALLAD.

I'LL tell you a tale of love and woe
That happened a hundred years ago.
The maid was a beauty, pure and good;
The lover a handsome hewer of wood.
Their love for each other was strong and true,
But a father came 'twixt the doting two.
His daughter, he said, was a lady born,
And a peasant youth was beneath her scorn.
So the pair were parted—the maid to grieve
'Mid the gayest pleasures a court could give,
And the lover to toil in blank despair,
Where the branches creaked in the chilly air.
The maiden faded, and sickened, and died,
And they buried her in the countryside.
The lover forsook his task to rave,
And killed himself on the maiden's grave.
Oh, why was a father fond so blind?
Oh, why was Fate so cruel unkind?
Oh, why was love so doomed to woe?
But it happened a hundred years ago!

IN AN ALBUM.

A VERSE for Sadie! Smoothly must the flowing
words advance,
To rival half the graceful ease of Sadie in the dance.
Harmonious to the music's sway, which seems her
form to bear,
She gently floats along the floor, a being framed of
air.
Oh, may her life as smoothly glide! For her may
troubles cease,
Her ways be ways of pleasantness, her paths be
paths of peace!

OCTOBER 12, 1881.

TO AGNES.

FOR you and those
 This caution flows
Who with you trod, elastic,
 With shapely feet,
 To music sweet,
In witching jig fantastic,

While lookers-on
 Deemed they had drawn
To Paradise's portal:
 Dancing give o'er,
 Or sorrow sore
May seize on an immortal.

No longer trees'
 Sway in the breeze,
Nor roll of waves of ocean,
 Nor swirling flight
 Of fire-flies bright,
The poetry of motion

Now seems to me;
Instead I'd see
You four maids so disport all.—
But dance no more,
Or sorrow sore
May seize on an immortal.

Terpsichore,
Were she to see,
Despising emulation,
Would rend her hair,
To caves repair,
And straight renounce saltation.

AUGUST 21, 1879.

THE NEGLECTED GRAVE.

WEEDS grow on her neglected grave
Who was so bright and fair,
Whose beauty once made lovers rave.
Why are not flowers there?

Oh, short the term of Sorrow's reign,
When souls this world depart!
The mourners soon know Joy again,
And take new friends to heart.

But who should grieve that it is thus?
The dead need not our tears,
While living ones depend on us
To cheer the fleeting years.

DECEMBER 5, 1890.

FROM ÆSOP.

I.

WHEN all the beasts could speak and think,
A stag stopped at a pool to drink.
His form, reflected, roused his pride.
"How fine my antlers are!" he cried.
But when his spindling shanks he viewed,
His exultation was subdued.
"Those legs are really very bad.
I'll die of shame—or, hold! I'll pad!"
But hardly had he said his say,
When hounds and huntsmen came that way.
He started up in wild alarm.
His legs had borne him safe from harm;
But by a thicket as he passed,
His antlers caught, and held him fast.
The dogs that tore him heard him say,
"How foolish have I been to-day!
Beauty is made to be admired;
But use is more to be desired."

II.

A brisk young chicken, seeking food,
 Turned up a jewel, which he viewed
 With supercilious disdain,
 Saying, "You're bright, but give me grain."
 The world's way is to underrate
 What it can not appreciate.



III.

The peacock once to
 Juno hied,
 Its raspy voice upraised,
 and cried :

"Exert, kind Mistress, pow'r divine;
 The nightingale—her note make mine!"
 "Oh, envious bird," the goddess said,
 "Why show'r more blessings on your head?
 No living thing has ev'ry gift.
 The eagle's strong, the falcoln swift;

The halcyon swims, the raven knows
The future, with its joys and woes.
To thee, most favored fowl of Heaven,
Are size and beauty jointly given.
Seek not for more, or, by my troth,
I'll see thee dispossessed of both!"
A moral in this fable read:
Resentment is provoked by greed.

IV.

In time of drouth, when pools and streams
Had vanished 'neath Apollo's beams,
Two frogs, prospecting, spied a well.
One was for jumping in, pell mell.
The other, wiser, said, "I doubt
If, once *in* there, we could get *out*."
Reader, in mind the moral keep,
Look—always look!—before you leap.

ASPIRATIONS.

OH, don't you laugh if I tell!
When I think what I'd like to be,
It sometimes seems,
In my waking dreams,
That my choice is the salty sea,
Where the bounding billows swell,
And the "roaring winds do blow,"
And the buccaneer
Is without a fear
For anything, high or low.

And at times my fancy turns
To a life on the Western plains,
As a hunter bold,
Or to mine for gold,
And to harvest uncounted gains.
And my strong ambition burns
To play a valorous part,
And a maiden save
By my conduct brave,
And cut out an Indian's heart.

My soul is awake, and bright
With the spirit of old Romance ;
I'm fitted to grace
A prominent place,
And carry the rifle or lance.
I'd like to have been a knight ;
But these are days of prose.
I'll probably work
As a tailor's clerk,
And measure my friends for clothes.

A LAY OF SPRING.

THE spring is here ! The householder gets up at
early dawn,

And wages war with dandelions that yellow all his
lawn.

The apple and the cherry trees begin their buds to
ope.

The boys have got their whip-tops out, the girls are
skipping rope.

All nature has revolted against Winter's churlish
reign,

And seeks to show by overt acts that Spring has
come again.

You want to "shake" your winter clothes, and shine
in something new—

But stick you to your flannels till your flannels stick
to you !

The spring's a gentle maiden, and, impressionable
man,

You'll find that, like the other girls, she'll fool you if
she can.

Her temper is uncertain, and of contradictions
made—

She's very sultry in the sun and chilly in the shade.

It's not your heart, but it's your lungs, at which she
points her spear;
Pneumonia imperils you the while that Spring is
here.
So heed my words of warning note, if safety you
would woo,
And stick you to your flannels till your flannels stick
to you!

Go walking on the railroad track, although you may
be deaf;
Start all your undertakings on the day that starts
with F;
Protect your vegetable patch by using Paris green,
And always light your kitchen fire with friendly
kerosene;
Be careless with unloaded guns, and let it be your
rule
To monkey with the buzz-saw and to meddle with
the mule.
But there is need of prudence, and, whatever else
you do,
Just stick you to your flannels till your flannels stick
to you!

THE "PROMOTER."

I'M a million millionaire,
From beyond the bounding sea.
People such as I are rare
In this blawsted counteree.

I have come to buy your mills,
And your breweries and mines.
Enterprise my fancy fills;
I am full of great designs.

"Don't believe you want to sell?"
Mustn't talk that way to me!
I'm a million millionaire—
I could crush you, don't you see?

I have Rothschild at my back,
And the British syndicate.
People who obstruct our track
Will invite a dreadful fate.

Come and name your figures, quick.
Forty millions? I declare,
It's a bargain! Here's your check—
I'm a million millionaire.

That's the way we operate!
To a million millionaire
And a British syndicate
Checks are trifles light as air.

Twelve o'clock! That's dinner time.
Have you any change to spare?
I suppose you'll lend a dime
To a million millionaire?

NOVEMBER, 19, 1889.

AN AMERICAN PHILO-NIHILIST.

AS I'm an American,
I'm a law-abiding man.
Peace and quiet are my delight;
Nothing shocks me like a fight.

But I never could be cool
'Neath a despot's iron rule.
I would be an Anarchist,
I would be a Nihilist;
From no crime would I desist.
Blood!
Blood!
Blood!

Till that tyrant ruled no more,
I would wade in human gore.
Throne and Czar should topple o'er,
With a dull thud!

I would carry dynamite,
Melinite and zoeците.
I would ply the torch at night,
Pistol, bomb, and dirk!

I would plot and plan and brood;
I would poison if I could.
Pity never should intrude
In my deadly work.

But as an American,
I'm a gentle, harmless man.

NOVEMBER 4, 1889.

A BOSTON MAN.*



HAVEN'T any ek'al fer diversified ability;
I'm han'some, an' I'm powerful, an' a wonder
of agility.

I'm ready fer to act, an' I'm ready fer to
hammer,
To elevate de dram or to elevate de dram-
mer.

Dey talk uv me fer Congress, an' I t'ink dat
I would suit.

De bloke dat says I wouldn't, w'y, I'll biff him on de
snoot.

Among de crack saloonkeepers dere's lively compe-
tition

To get John L. to visit dem an' be on exhibition.

Full houses crowd to see me, dough I circulate no
passes.

I'm a artist, an' a gentleman, an' solid wid de masses.
I'm a daisy, I'm a ripper, I'm Apollo, I'm a wizard.
De stiff dat contradicts me, w'y, I'll pulverize his
gizzard.

Dere's nothin' dat delights me more dan lammin' a
reporter

An' lettin' de community believe dat I'm a snorter.

*For the Hogarthian realism of this sketch the reader is
hereby tendered a humble apology.

I always choose a little man—it's safer an' it's neater.
But even den it's dangerous—he might have a re-
peater.

No station is so eminent but wot it's got its draw-
back—

Don't go to argue wid me, er I'll drive your bloomin'
jaw back.

CERTAIN CATAclySMIC SOCIOLOGISTS.

I SEE a band of earnest souls,
Who think the world is all disjointed,
And deem themselves high-priests anointed,
And other men as blind as moles.

“We'll set things right!” they blithely cry;
“Let competition be abolished,
And property, that curse, demolished!
Read Henry George and Bellamy!”

Pshaw! They should learn before they teach.
Each plan they urge with such insistence
Was old ere they were in existence,
And long, a wrecked hulk, on the beach

Of man's experience, lay rotten.
How many people make a stir,
And claim the name Discoverer,
Who only drag out trash forgotten!

THE BEGINNING OF LA GRIPPE.

A WARNING FROM BELGRADE.

Thirteen members of the Skuptschina are suffering from influenza. The disease is spreading in this city.—*Press dispatch of December 16, 1889, from Belgrade.*

FROM the snowy steppes of Russia
 (Man's as helpless as a worm),
Also from the realm of Prussia,
 Came the influenza germ;

Came the tiny, dread bacillus
 (He had worsted e'en the Czar);
Came to plague if not to kill us,
 All defenseless as we are;

Came unchallenged o'er our border
 (We must bear our fate and grin).
Sneezing was the gen'ral order;
 The Skuptschina was scooped in.

On that day of desolation
 (I was too a victim made),
Sneezed we all "like all creation,"
 On the tow'rs of high Belgrade.

People o'er the broad Atlantic
 (Westward moves the Empire's star),
Lo, a scourge to make you frantic
 Is approaching from afar.

Here's a kindly word in season
 (All mankind are kith and kin):
Just get ready for your sneezin';
 Lay a stock of 'kerchiefs in.

The bacillus, though he's mitey
 (Mighty is the proper term),
Is a king—Rex Sneezum hight he.
 Man's as helpless as a worm.

THE PASSING OF KALAKAUA.

HIS last bout at the gaming board Owhyhee's
 dusky lord has played.
The trump that now turns up for him is "the last
 trump of all"—a spade.
The game was long, the stakes were high; his was
 the highest man could bring—
His life. He played well, but he lost. Death held
 the ace, and took the king.

JANUARY 20, 1891.

TABOR AND THE COWBOYS.

A Ballad of Colorado.

IT was a good ex-senator, in royal raiment drest,
 "To dazzle when the sun was down, and rob
 the world of rest."

A night-shirt of the finest silk, with ruffles on, he
 wore,
 And in each button-hole there gleamed a precious
 Kohinoor.

It was a pair of cowboys, and of brigands they had
 read,
 And of knights and princes captured, and a ransom
 on their head.

Poetical, but practical, one cowboy said, "Per-
 chance

'Twere well to gild these prosy times with Middle-
 Age romance."

"You're whistlin'," said his merry mate; "Ill tell you
 what we'll do—

Let's catch his nibs, the Senator, and try to put him
 through.

I think he'll come down han'some if we only let him
 know

We've got him where the hair is short, an' he must
 pay to go."

"Brave words, and, by my halidome!" the other
one replied,

"Ere yonder sun shall shine again, we'll curb his
mighty pride!

Mark where he comes! Now pales his star, while
ours is lustrous yet.

Now by one stroke to mend our house!" His mate
replied, "You bet!"

But well-laid schemes gang aft agley. The shearer
oft is shorn.

Not ev'ry day yields up at eve the promise of the
morn.

Those cowboys were out-generated, and placed
under arrest.

Still Tabor and his night-shirt are the glory of the
West!

FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

THE MODERN SPHINX.

ANN O'Delia Diss Debar,
How I wonder what you are,
Maid or madame, spook or fay,
Spirit form or human clay!
Puzzling, fanciful and weird
Forms in which you have appeared
Throng upon my mental view
Every time I think of you.
First a medium and seer
(And a clever financier);
Then a birdling (in a jail);
Then for foreign parts you sail;
Then, as birdlings will, you roam
Back into your Yankee home;
Then you're Cupid—Cupid!—zounds!
Cupid!—weight, two hundred pounds!
Cupid!—with his hair in curl!
Cupid!—acted by a girl!
Then you run away and hide,
Making threats of suicide;
Then a solid seraph comes
Toiling in Chicago slums,
“Vera Ava—English—queer—
Used to be a nun, we hear,”—

That's the tale the gossips tell.
Vera Ava wields a spell
Potent over many there,
And surmises fill the air.
Soon the rumor spreads amain
That Blavatzky's back again.
Poor Blavatzky, what was she—
Spite of all her mystery,
Astral body, and ado,—
To a mystery like you?
Then, as dives a water-bird,
When the shotgun's sound is heard,—
Cleaving quick the glassy pool,
Sinking in the liquid cool,
Swimming 'neath the surface blue,
Rising almost out of view,—
From Chicago quietly clearing,
In C'innati reappearing,
How you thrilled us from afar,
Interesting Diss Debar!
Are you sylph or are you human?
Are you sphinx or are you woman?
Solid now—now visionary!
Vera Ava—ever vary!
Much I wonder what you are,
Ann O'Delia Diss Debar!

SEPTEMBER, 1891.



A BEAUTY OF THEBES.

HER limbs how lithe! Her waist
how spare!
How curiously coifed her hair!
Her eyes how languorous, but
bright!
Her lips how red! Her teeth how
white!
But caution! Play a prudent part;
Those ripe charms must not win
your heart!
Although her picture we possess—
Enchanting glimpse of loveliness!—
Her witching self you may not
know—
She died three thousand years ago,
And naught of her remains for us
But dust in a sarcophagus.

In Thebes, in days long gone, per-
chance
Those lithe limbs twinkled in the
dance;
Those eyes shot looks with mean-
ing fraught,
And lovers' longing glances caught;

The heart beneath that vest that beat
Felt rapture's thrill; and, smiling sweet,
Those lips to frame assent did move,
And pressed the warm, moist kiss of love.
Ah! Love's young dream, that fleeteth so!
She died three thousand years ago,
And all of her that's left to us
Is dust in a sarcophagus.

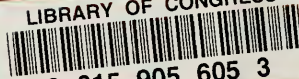
No doubt, before her time to go,
She knew the with'ring touch of woe;
Those liquid eyes were wet with tears,
That tender heart was torn with fears,
Those limbs mayhap were racked with pain,
Those lips were tutored to complain.
What signifies or joy or grief?
Both they and human life are brief;
Rest is the end of all we know.
She died three thousand years ago;
Her fate the same that waits for us—
Dust, dust in a sarcophagus.







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